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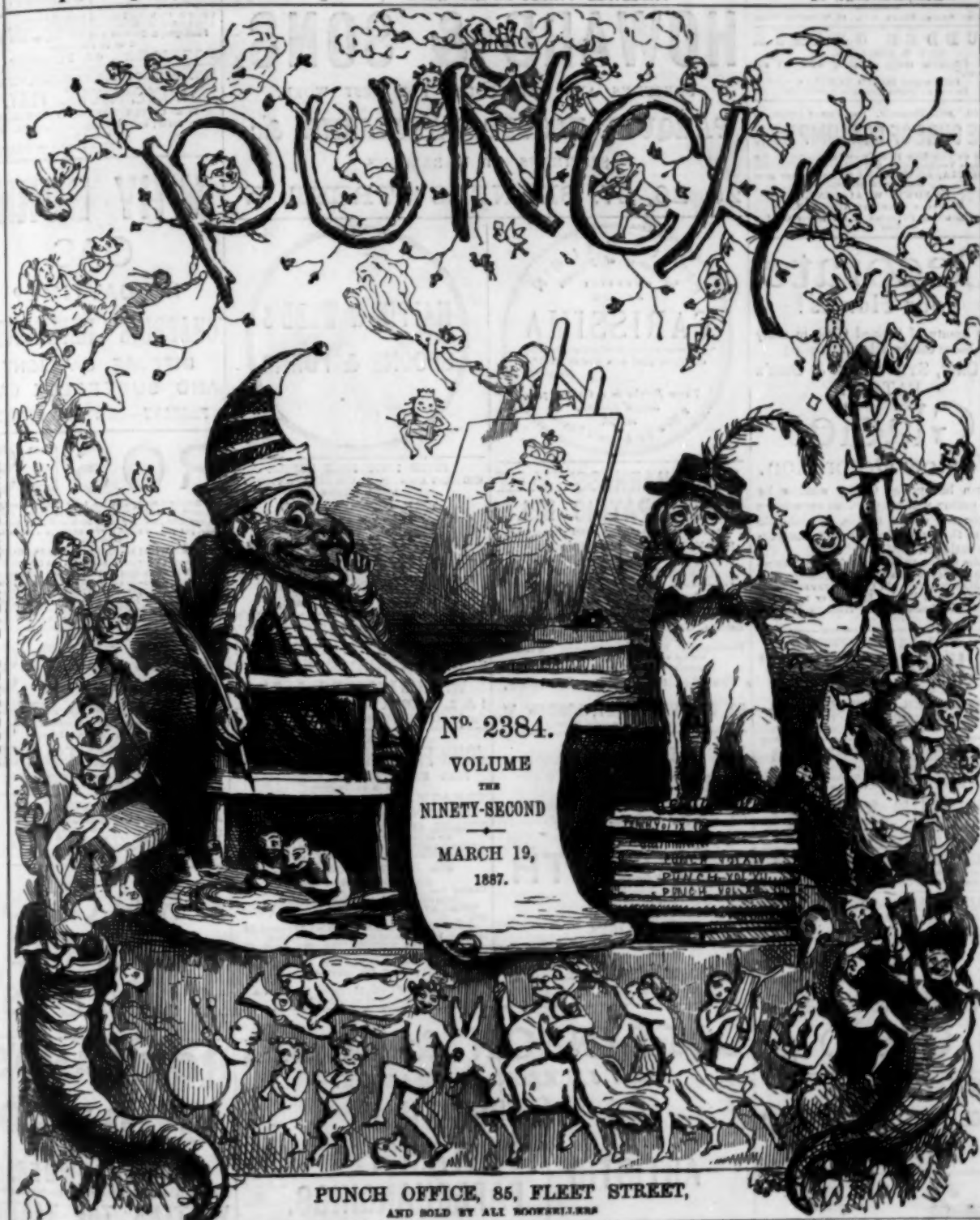
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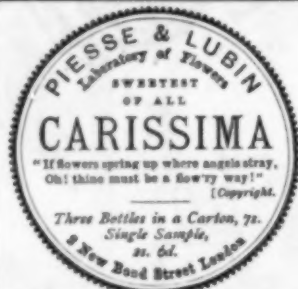
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 But this foul den, this dark and narrow cell,  
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 Free to the sewer, secluded from the sun;  
 Dismal as Chillon's dungeon, cold, unsweet,  
 Through which no breath of health or ease may fleet.  
 Here the cramped limbs in narrow bounds must ache,  
 Here in chill night the palsied flesh must quake,  
 Here frost and foulness, with insidious stealth,  
 Must shake the spirit, and must sap the health.  
 In this Black Hole, whose breath is pestilence,  
 Let the poor victim ponder his defence.  
 The man, says Law—on justice proudly built,—  
 Is innocent, till trial proves his guilt.  
 How strange a comment on that ancient boast!  
 How strange a spectacle for HOWARD'S ghost!  
 Our last philanthropist, Hygeia, stands,  
 Pity at heart, but in her helpless hands  
 Nothing—for him the unconvicted one,  
 Whom—till his guilt be proved—e'en she must shun.  
 Then, then indeed the wretch may hope to share  
 A chamber clean, fair space, untainted air.  
 How just, how generous! Let the Law arise,  
 And sweep this shameful folly from our eyes!

"And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered mantua, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

The good girls *never* talked thus when they knew CINDERELLA was present, but I am sorry to say that she listened to conversations which were not intended for her.

The great day came, and the ladies drove off to Court, and CINDERELLA fell a-crying, though they had ordered for her supper all the dainties to which she was partial.

Now I must tell you that CINDERELLA's God-mother, an old Fairy, was not the wisest of Fairies, as, indeed, we often see that the old are by no means judicious in their treatment of the young.

"Thou wishest to go to the ball—is it not so?" said the Fairy. "Then run into the garden, and bring me a pompon."

Her Godmother then turned the pompon into a gilt coach, with six mice for horses, and a rat for coachman, but *she forgot to turn an old stick into a chaperon!*

This neglect was fatal, as it should be at all well-conducted entertainments, and, though CINDERELLA was dressed in the height of Fairy fashion, no one knew her, and consequently, she danced with no one. The King's son observed, to one of CINDERELLA's sisters, "Who is that little girl out of the Grosvenor Gallery?" whereat his partner smiled so divinely that he instantly lost his heart, and could eat none of the fine collation for gazing on her.

To be brief, he offered his heart to the eldest of CINDERELLA's sisters, who, blushing, accepted it. But CINDERELLA, who perceived this bye-play, got up very angrily, and looked for her carriage, which as nobody knew her name, she could not find. She lost both her glass shoes on the way. Being got home, the Fairy met her, and said, very eagerly, (as old ladies will)—

"Well, my dear, how often did you dance with His Royal Highness?"

"Never," said CINDERELLA in a pet, bursting into tears, "and I wish I may never dance again!"

Now the Fairy Godmother had promised that all CINDERELLA's wishes should be fulfilled.

So she gently touched this bad girl with her wand, and changed her into a *Wall-flower!*

You have all heard of the Talking Rose, in *Beauty and the Beast*, but you never heard, and *nobody* ever heard, of a *Wall-flower* that danced!

Next day the good elder sister married the Prince, and nobody much missed CINDERELLA.

*Moral.*—Younger sisters really must not expect to go out before their elder sisters have had their chance.

"CLEVERLY WON," by HAWLEY SMART, written *Cleverly Too*.

## MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

## III.—CINDERELLA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF WALL-FLOWERS.

THERE was a Gentleman married for his second wife the pleasantest and prettiest woman ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, in all ways worthy of her. He had, likewise, by a former wife, a young daughter, but of a pertinacious, pushing temper, and sixteen years of age.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the marriage over than CINDERELLA began to show herself in her true colours. She was determined not to be "put upon," as she said, by a Step-mother, and, so unchecked was CINDERELLA, that her new mother and her new sisters have been found in three separate rooms, in three distinct floods of tears, owing to the behaviour of this *chit*.

Though backward in her lessons, CINDERELLA was so forward in her desires, that nothing would serve her but to attend a ball, the King's son having invited all persons of fashion. To this, however, as CINDERELLA had never been presented at Court, but was still under Governesses, her Mother would not consent. She had, therefore, to endure, with what temper she might, to hear her sisters thus discouraging:—"For my part," said the eldest, "I shall wear my red velvet suit, with French trimmings."





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Guest (who is a bon-vivant, to Host, who isn't). "YOU MUST COME AND DINE WITH ME, JONES!"*

*Host. "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR FRIEND! WHEN?" Guest. "Now!"*

### MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THIS Manual began, it may be recollected, with a contribution to the *répertoire* of the Amateur Reciter which was of a studiously simple and domestic nature. This week, however, the Poet has risen to a higher altitude, with the inevitable result of producing a piece that will only be suitable to the more advanced, and (in the Author's opinion) cannot be rendered with full justice unless the Reciter can accompany himself softly upon the piano. Even a few scales here and there are better than nothing. The vital point is to produce a certain expression of *atmosphere*. The Reciter, then, should seat himself upon the music-stool, and improvise a few modulations. He will obtain some useful hints for these by studying the preludes (many of which are of singular beauty) of the gentleman who comes to tune his piano.

Having thus obtained a concerned silence, you should throw your head back, and announce the name of your subject, which happens to be—"The Star and the Moth." Then play all the chords you know best, and begin:—

O'er the purpled pale of Heaven leaned a lonely little Star,

(*Leit-motif here for the Star: "Twinkle, twinkle," is recommended, or "Star of the Evening," or anything else you can pick out with one finger and consider appropriate.*)

Gazing down upon the great world, rolling in the distance far;  
Wistfully she watched the movements of a milky-pinioned Moth,  
Fluttering about a garden, purposeless as ocean-froth.

(*Short scumble in treble, to express froth.*)

Till she found a vent for her sentiment in a languishing little lay.  
(*For a star can sing, like anything, whatever astronomers say.*)

(*You should speak these last two lines through a waltz refrain. If you don't know any waltzes, learn "Lilla's a Lady," out of Hamilton's Exercise Book. Now you come to the Star Song, which should be recited with a mixture of intense passion and childlike naïveté. Scales will suit the metre here, but, although they have the advantage of being instantly recognised, the Author would advise you to attempt something rather more spiritual.*)

Moth, with the wings so white!  
So much attached to light,  
Can you be short of sight?  
Diffident? Dreamy?  
I smile at you down there;  
You don't appear to care!  
If you've the time to spare,  
Look up and see me!

Thus the Star; and, flushing crimson, scintillated so  
with hope,  
That each scientific person turned on her his telescope.  
(*The music here should express the cold-blooded curiosity of Science, but you must work this out for yourself the best way you can.*)

She did not resent the rudeness, feeling far too much  
distressed,  
For the inadvertent insect still continued unimpressed!  
(*Waltz refrain again.*)

Though for him she shone, he went frivolling on, and he  
sang, but it wasn't to her.  
(*For no moth is dumb, you can hear 'em hum, as the naturalists aver.*)

(*Now you want a leit-motif for your Moth; the only air the Author can think of at the moment is, "Beautiful as a Butterfly," which doesn't strike quite the right note for the invocation which follows.*)

Lamp, with the globe of ground-  
Glass which I flutter round  
List while thy praise I sound,  
Paraffined Peri!  
Blue-bottles seek thy flame;  
Cockchafers do the same;  
Daddy-long-legs go lame,  
Crippled—but cheery.

But the Lamp no answering lustre shed upon the table-  
cloth;

"Call again when I am lighted. Not at home!" she told  
"Lamp," exclaimed the Star, "I thank thee for the  
mercy thou hast shown.

No designing Duplex art thou, mildest Moderator known!"  
(*Here you should keep up a faint tremolo with two fingers.*)

But alas! for the Moth was a volatile Goth, and an  
entomological Vandal.

And his pique only pricked him to perish a victim at the  
shrine of a tall tallow candle!

Altar, the casual grnat  
Gets holocausted at!

(*This is, perhaps, rather fine language for a common Moth, but allowance must be made for the excitement under which it is supposed to be labouring.*)

Column composed of fat,  
Slender, if sallow!  
What if it's reckoned rash,  
Into thy flame to dash?  
Soon shall I be but ash,  
Tombed within tallow!

(*Chords here, and a few bars from Chopin's "Funeral March"—if you can manage them.*)

Long the Star in pallid anguish kept her eye upon the scene,  
Saw the Moth expiring sputter 'mid the candle-rays serene.  
Then she leaped headlong, despairing, nought below her  
course to bar.

Some said, "Isn't that a rocket?" Others, "Oh, no,—  
(*Deliver these comments in such a manner as to convey your sense of their tragic disproportion to such an occasion.*)

But as she was stooping, prepared for her swooping  
through space to its uttermost verge,  
Her unprecedented mishap she lamented, and chanted  
her own little dirge:—

For a mere Moth I pined; I'll not be left behind, Now that, forlorn, I find He's suicided!	No, for I, too, can die— Into star-dust I'll fly! Asteroids all, good-bye! Don't do as I did!
---	--

(*Let your voice die away into a whisper at the last line, run your fingers rapidly down the keys, concluding with a crash, to express the fate of the Star. Then rise, and receive the compliments that will follow with all the modesty at your disposal.*)

If triumphant, the Jubilee Motto over the Post-Office  
door will not be "*Vivat Regina!*" but "*Vivat Raikes!*"

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

(NEW VERSION.)



"WILL you walk into our parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly;  
 "'Tis the cosiest little parlour, friend, that ever you did spy.  
 The way into this parlour is quite wide, as you're aware,  
 And, oh! we'll do such wondrous things when once we get you there!  
 Then, won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,  
 Pretty little fly?"

Now, as I've heard, this little fly was young, but wary, too,  
 And so he thought, I'll mind my eye—the thing may be a do!  
 So "No, no!" said that little fly; "kind Sir, that cannot be,  
 I've heard what's in your parlour, and I do not wish to see."  
 "Then, won't you," &c.

That Spider he was portly, and that Spider he was bland,  
 And he played the part of siren for an even Older Hand.  
 Says he, "Oh, Fly, you must be tired of being on the shelf,  
 Why don't you just step in awhile, if but to rest yourself?  
 Then, won't you," &c.

"Our parlour's snugly furnished, for expense we never spare,  
 We've such a nice Round Table; you shall have an easy chair.

It seems incomplete without you as a sort of settled guest;  
 Turn up solitary buzzing now; step in and take a rest.  
 Now, won't you," &c.

That little Fly looked longingly. Thinks he, "I do feel tired,  
 I'm fond of cosy parties, and I like to be admired.  
 Yet I have a slight suspicion that the 'thing may be a trap,—  
 I twig something in yon corner—I distrust that fat old chap,  
 With his won't you," &c.

So "I'll wait a little longer," to the Spider said the Fly,  
 As he spread his wings (with friend COL-LINGS), and fluttered  
 towards the Skye.

But whether he'll come back again, and try that parlour yet,  
 Is a thing on which a cautious man would hardly like to bet.  
 "Then won't you, won't you," &c.

MOTTO for Mr. RIDER HAGGARD to put to *S&c* (i.e., according to  
 the *P. M. G.*, which finds rather more than the germs of the romance  
 in the *Epicurean*):—"There's MOORE where this came from."



## PILFERING PETER THE PATRIOT;

OR, THE LAST OF THE NAVAL DRAGOONS.

(A Tale of the Terry-bie.)



It was late in the afternoon when Admiral PUNCH knocked at the door of an office at Whitehall, which had a branch establishment in Somerset House. He carried with him a report. He asked for the First Lord. A Messenger, who was putting on an overcoat leisurely, informed him that the head of the department could not possibly be seen until the following morning.

"There is no one here, Sir—unless you would like to see the gent we call the Naval Dragoon?"

"Certainly," replied the Admiral. "But why Naval Dragoon?" The answer came promptly—"Because, Sir, he's quite the old soldier whenever he touches anything connected with the sea!"

A few minutes later the Naval Dragoon was introduced. He held in his hand an enormous packet.

"A design for a new gun, Sir?" queried the sea-going horse-soldier. "I shall be glad to receive it. There is some demand for the article in the proper quarter."

"No, Sir," replied the Admiral, sternly; "this report contains an indictment. Herein are set down the graver faults of our Administration; herein you will find why WRIGHT, the Engineer-in-Chief, is wrong—why—"

"Pardon me," returned the Naval Dragoon, "I have not time to attend to that sort of thing. Really, the graver faults of our Administration, and what is written about WRIGHT, are of secondary importance to the duties I perform as Universal Provider."

Then he bowed, smiled, and disappeared, but not before the Admiral had had time to notice that the large envelope was addressed to the representative of a Foreign Government.

The ball was at its gayest. Thousands of brightly-costumed dancers indulged in the eccentricities of the recently revived polka, or the more staid measures of the *chaperon*-patronised quadrille. Pilfering PETER, the Patriot (as he was called by his intimates) was alone dull. He still carried the packet, half-hidden beneath the long cloak that partly concealed his uniform.

"Wal," at length observed a masked figure standing beside him, "have you fixed up that there little parcel slick?"

"I have," replied PETER. "Two ships, four torpedo boats, and seven new guns."

"Good," returned the strange Masker, receiving the packet. "I calculate it was about all we were waiting for."

Ten days later, England was engaged in war.

The sea was covered with vessels. Surrounded by an almost countless host, the only British Ironclad (the *Ethelred the Unready*) in Commission, proudly crested the waves.

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed the English Commander, gazing at the enemy through his telescope. "Those ships! Why every one of them is constructed on a plan supplied from Whitehall! And those guns! They, too, have been treacherously transferred to the exultant foe!"

At this moment there was a loud explosion. Then the sea was deluged with smoke. When it cleared away, only H.M.S. *Ethelred the Unready* was left—the foreign fleet had entirely vanished.

"Dear me!" observed the English Commander, "this is very strange! The guns burst at the first discharge. The Ironclads, constructed on plans treacherously transferred, foundered before they could get into action! I cannot understand it! What does it mean?"

The question was answered by a badly wounded man who, blown up an incalculable height by the explosion, had at length descended from the clouds on to the British deck.

"It means," cried this poor wretch, with difficulty, "that

Pilfering PETER, appropriately called 'the Patriot,' has saved his country. I foresaw this result. It was for this I supplied—"

He tried to speak, raised his eyes to the Union Jack, attempted to comprehend the construction of a new torpedo, and sank back. The last of the Naval Dragoons was past serving his native land any further!

## THE BLACK ASSIZES;

Or, what it is coming to,—a brief Judicial Tragi-comedy apparently in active rehearsal in some of our Country Towns in this Year of Grace 1887.

The Scene is laid in the immediate neighbourhood of a provincial Assize Court, on the morning of the Judges' appearance on the Bench. Prisoners awaiting trial, innocent and guilty alike, stuffed away anyhow, in any of the various holes, nooks, corners, and recesses, of the building that will contain them. Some three-and-twenty of them occupy a low ill-ventilated room, fourteen feet by ten, from the effects of the close and reeking atmosphere of which some are suffocated while all are joining in a gasping clamour for more air. In one corner 'ORRIBLE JIMMY, a prisoner who is about to take his trial, after several previous convictions, for burglary coupled with murderous assault, is regaling a mixed crowd of professed thieves and first offenders, with an account of his most infamous exploits in unrepeatable language. Oaths, imprecations and blasphemies fill the air. At an opposite corner of the room an aged father and his daughter, brought here on a false charge of embezzlement, cower and try to hide their eyes from the loathsome sight, and shut out the hideous sound from their ears. In other parts of the building six other prisoners, two of them being mere children, are locked up in dark cupboards in which they can scarcely breathe. Four or five more are stowed away in a damp underground cellar, lighted by a feeble jet of gas, to which the Authorities would think twice before they consigned a dog.

Enter First and Second Steeled Officials in passage.

First Steeled Official (after listening complacently to groans, imprecations and cries). Well, I calls them a lively lot this morning. Ark at their growls. I'll growl 'em, if they won't stop. Why they'll be 'eared inside o' the Court next.

[A shriek is heard from the room the size of which is fourteen feet by ten.]

Second Steeled Official. They're a doing murder. Praps it's 'ORRIBLE JIMMY up to some of his games, or p'raps they can't breathe or somethink. (Shriek is repeated.) Well, what a row they makes about it.

First Steeled Official (opening the door, at which a frantic rush is made. Getting his body inside the room). No—you don't. Phew! Well, you have got up a nice stench betwixt you, anyhow. But what's all this hollering about?

Aged Father (indignantly). Hollering, indeed! Why, this poor girl, maddened for want of air, has gone off into hysterics; and now she's in a dead faint. [Points to a female prisoner lying on the floor.]

Prisoners (generally). We ain't got no air. We can't breathe. We're a stifling.

Aged Father. Ay, stifling; but not only with the physical atmosphere, but—what is worse—with the moral. It's outrageous to herd the basest of criminals and respectable people together like this.

First Steeled Official. Precious respectable you are, ain't you! Why, what are you doing 'ere, I should like to know. Get along with you!

Aged Father. You ought to be in here yourself, to preserve decency and order.

First Steeled Official. What, me in here a breathing this pestilence! Wouldn't you just like to see me! Hookey! Here (addressing Second Steeled Official). Give us a hand with this.

[They lug out the fainting girl between them, and close the door on the groaning, sweating, suffocating, struggling, and reeking crowd within. Bringing her to with a bucket of cold water, they relegate her, for want of any better place, to the coal-cellar.]

First Steeled Official (listening, as he passes up corridor, to smothered cries coming from several cupboard doors. Hammering at them). 'Old your row, won't yer? If you give me much more of that, you sha'n't come out for a month. (Playfully.) Pretty full this time, ain't we?

Second Steeled Official. Yes; but nice and proud and 'aughty they're a gettin'; as if what's done for this hundred years and more ain't good enough for the likes of them.

First Steeled Official. More air, indeed! Why, they'll be asking for welwet chairs next. [They move off.]

The Scene changes, an hour later, to the interior of the Assize Court. Learned Judge discovered on Bench. Leading Counsel, Jury, Witnesses, and public in their respective places. A rather long pause.

The Learned Judge (after Adgoting a little, looking over the Calendar several times, and whispering to Court Officials in his

vicinity). Ah, yes! Well, I'll ask. Do you know, Brother BUNKUM, what is delaying us?

Mr. Serjeant Bunkum, Q.C. No, my Lord. We are quite ready to begin. But I'll inquire. (Seeing Divisional Surgeon entering Court pale, and breathless.) Ha! perhaps this gentleman can tell us. Well, Mr. Surgeon?

Divisional Surgeon. You'll have, my Lord, to put off the Assizes.

The Learned Judge. To put off the Assizes!

All. To put off the Assizes! Why? Divisional Surgeon. Because there are no prisoners.

The Learned Judge. No prisoners! What, have they escaped!

Divisional Surgeon. No. They are all asphyxiated. But you must excuse me. We've got them all laid in the Court below, and three of the hospital Doctors are doing their best to save some of them. But this Officer will give you all information. [Exit.

Enter First Steeled Official.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! All asphyxiated? That some should be is, of course, I know, not uncommon. But how—all?

First Steeled Official. Want of air, my Lord. They said they found it a bit close; but my orders was to keep 'em under lock and key. And so I did.

The Learned Judge. Just so. (Referring to Calendar.) But shall we be able to take no cases? We have rather a full calendar, I see. This case of fraudulent trusteeship, for instance?

First Steeled Official. He's dead, my Lord. We found he'd gone off in the cellars in the night, of consumption.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! how awkward. (Referring again to Calendar.) But this case of bigamy that follows?

First Steeled Official. Found him smothered, my Lord, in the cupboard under the stairs. He ain't no use.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! Dear me! But this next case?

First Steeled Official. Gone clean off his 'ead, becoss he was shut in a closet as was too small for him. You can hear him a ravin' now.

The Learned Judge. Ah, most annoying! And this—?

First Steeled Official. Gone and 'ung hisself with his braces, 'coss he couldn't stand no more of it. They're all down, your Lordship—ain't none of 'em fit to come before you.

The Learned Judge. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, I scarcely like to dismiss you in this fashion, but you see how we are circumstanced. (Commotion in Prisoners' Dock.) But ha! what's this?

[Aged Father and Daughter, in a very feeble state, are led in by warders, and, supplied with restoratives, are tried for fraud and conspiracy; an alibi is proved by five witnesses, the prosecution collapses utterly, and the Jury, refusing to hear further evidence, acquit them unanimously, without leaving the box.

Aged Father (staggering to the front of the Dock). My Lord, before I leave this place, to which I have struggled with my daughter, I wish to point out, and while pointing out, to protest with all the energy I can command, to your Lordship against the infamous treatment to which we have for the last three weeks been subjected, while waiting the issue of to-day's trial. We have been forced to share the society of devils in human shape, thrust into crowded kennels into which it would be under such conditions sheer brutality to force a dumb animal, and all this not as branded criminals, but as people whose character is as free from stain or reproach, as your Lordship's own. Surely, my Lord, it is a theory of English Justice, that every Englishman is to be considered innocent in the eye of the law, until pronounced guilty by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Yet, we have been treated worse than felons consigned to penal servitude.

The Learned Judge (with warmth). And rightly too; not according to theories of English justice, with which we in this place have nothing to do, but in conformity with its practice, with which we are more immediately concerned. You have, Sir, in common with your class, got hold of that pestilent legal heresy, that the law regards every prisoner as innocent until he is proved guilty, when the very reverse is the case. How often shall I have to point out from my place on this Bench, that the law, on the contrary, holds every man charged with an offence as guilty, and punishes him as such, until he has been acquitted by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Hence the, I dare say, not uncommon catastrophe, that the Court has witnessed this morning. But, you at least, are now out of it, and have nothing to complain of. Stand down, Sir, I am ashamed of your ignorance.

[The Prisoners are assisted from the Dock, and as the Judge is being presented with a pair of black kid gloves in honour of the occasion, the Curtain slowly falls.

## A THEATRICAL CHAT.

Mr. Nibbs. What, Sir, did you think of *Modern Wives* at the Royalty?

Mr. Punch. The First Act, in idea, in acting, in every way, capital. Mr. EDOUIN is perfect as the retired 'atter, and poor Mr. LYTTON SOTHERN was exceptionally good in the last part he ever played. His career was full of the brightest promise, poor fellow, and he would evidently have been Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM's successor in that peculiar bustling light-comedy line.

Mr. Nibbs. He is a distinct loss to the stage.

Mr. Punch. As to the Ladies in this piece, the three sisters are well contrasted. Miss ATHERTON is rather too American perhaps for an English tradesman's daughter; but in the Second Act, when his part becomes weak, Mr. EDOUIN justifies his daughter's accent by his own. Miss EVA WILSON is a charming *ingenue*, not too ingenuous, and Miss OLGA BRANDON looks uncommonly handsome as the second married sister, whose husband, Mr. Honeysett, is most naturally played by Mr. SELTON.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought Miss BENNETT, the waiting-maid, very good; didn't you, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Yes. The haspirates were judiciously misplaced, and the character was not in the least overdone.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me the Second Act hung fire.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly it does; it is weak and too long. The actors seemed to be endeavouring to infuse some extra life into this Act by boisterous fun. Bustle and swagger are not always satisfactory substitutes for humour and dramatic interest.

Mr. Nibbs. Quite true, Sir; but it has reached its fiftieth night. By the way, I am told that the performance of *Clancarty* at the St. James's has much improved.

Mr. Punch. I was sure it would be so. A first night is a test, but not the fairest, nor the best. I must see it again.

Mr. Nibbs. The *Pantomime of AUGUSTUS DRUKIOLANUS* is having a fine time of it—in spite of the fogs.

Mr. Punch. Yes—and *sub Rosa* there is to be an Opera season after Easter, and, later on, when the CARL and MARIE ROSE Show is over, he is going in for Italian Opera.

If "not in mortals to command success,"  
AUGUSTUS DRUKIOLANUS will "deserve it."

He is a marvellous Manager! quite, as I have observed before, *Harris in Wonderland*.

Mr. Nibbs. Which reminds me that there is another enterprising Manager who has deserved well of parents, guardians, and children of all ages.

Mr. Punch. Meaning The BRUCE, EDGAR of that ilk, with Mr. SAVILE CLARKE's *Alice in Wonderland*. I am quite of your opinion. If the Manager and his CLARKE are not above listening to a humble suggestion, I should say, Renovate, without removing it; and, with a few changes, you may run it, with *matinées*, right through the year. I venture to think it would be more crowded in spring and summer, when the children can walk to the theatre and back, than in winter.

Mr. Nibbs. I hear that a Mrs. BROWN POTTER, an American beauty and theatrical amateur, is to make her *début* as a professional actress at the Haymarket, in the play of *Man and Wife*.

Mr. Punch. It sounds a happy selection. But I have almost forgotten the piece. Perhaps during this lady's engagement the Haymarket will be known as "The Potteries." Let us to luncheon.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISTIC LITERATURE.—This cutting from the *Times*, March 10, is well worth translation and preserving:—

TO KIND-HEARTED RICH PERSONS, fond of Animals.—Will one such, with noble generosity, spare a lady pain of parting with pair of ponies, to which she is devotedly attached, but no longer means to maintain? Immediate NEED.—Address, &c.

The translation is simply, that a Lady wants to keep her carriage. We sincerely wish she may get it.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY IT?—In these days of prizes for word-puzzle competitions, it would be pretty safe to offer a very handsome reward for the discovery of the point, wit, humour or fun, in LEWIS CARROLL's *Game of Logic*, published,—perhaps as part of the joke, whatever it may be,—with a set of counters and a plan, by Messrs. MACMILLAN. *The Hunting of the Snark*, we always thought, ought to have been called "No. 1, of the Colwell-Hatchney Series," but this, the latest work by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, leaves it far behind. It may yet have its use, however, as pages of it, or fifty lines at a time, might be set as a punishment to naughty boys and girls to write out or learn.

LEWIS CARROLL has been "chopping logic," and has given the young 'uns some uncommonly dry chips.





## A CAUTION TO LADIES.

(BEWARE OF THOSE TREACHEROUS GAUZE FANS.)

*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "WELL—A—NOW THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT MY CONVICTIONS ARE WITH REGARD TO THE IRISH QUESTION, I WILL PROCEED TO—BUT—A—I AM REALLY ALMOST AFRAID I BEGIN TO PERCEIVE—A—THAT MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT FAIL TO AROUSE YOUR INTEREST, MISS MASHAM!"

## THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.

*A Surgeon of the Medical Staff Corps was introduced.**The Commissioner.* May I ask what I can do for you, Sir?

*Applicant.* I have to complain, Sir, that by a recent War Office Warrant the relative rank of Medical Officers in the Army has been abolished, and can scarcely do better than give a quotation from a much respected organ of our profession, the *British Medical Journal*, which is as follows:—

"The medical officers regard the anomalous position they are now placed in as a matter of the gravest importance. They look upon the fact of their being deprived of rank in the Army as a degradation, for while, only recently, real rank has been conferred on the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army, the only rank the medical officers have ever had—relative rank—has been taken away from them."

*The Commissioner.* Please explain the distinction between the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army and the Medical Officers.

*Applicant.* Both are non-combatants—the first have to supply the food and transport and pay of the Army; the last the medical assistance.

*The Commissioner.* Are the duties of the first—supposing an Army to be in the field—of a more dangerous character than those of the last?

*Applicant.* Certainly not. On the contrary, as an Army Surgeon has frequently to be close up to the fighting line, he shares all the risks of combatants. It is true that hospitals are supposed to be protected by the Geneva Cross in civilised warfare, but not unfrequently the flag has been utterly ignored; and in cases of a campaign against savages it absolutely becomes a target for the sharpest fire. I need scarcely remind you of the defence of Rorke's Drift, where the Zulus made the hospital their chief point of attack.

*The Commissioner.* I believe that the Victoria Cross has been frequently conferred on Medical Officers.

*Applicant.* Frequently. I question whether they will be able to gain it in the future, as they will virtually sink into the position of civil employes hired for a particular service.

*The Commissioner.* Certainly there seems to be food for consideration in your suggestion. Has the position hitherto, of an Army Surgeon in a regiment, been an enviable one?

*Applicant.* It has depended to a great extent upon the individual himself; but, as a matter of fact, in cases of discipline the Army Surgeon has always been junior to the most recently joined subaltern. The relative rank has given him certain advantages as to the choice of quarters, receiving salutes, &c., which now will be presumably abolished. The military idea is, that a man capable of keeping his head clear, and giving orders to his assistants in the most delicate surgical operations, is yet unable to command a file of men, as well as a youngster fresh from two months' of militia-training, or a schoolboy course at Woolwich or Sandhurst. Of course such a suggestion is not calculated to gain for an Army Surgeon the entire respect of combatant officers in their teens. The new order goes a step—a very long step—further, and deprives him of even the shadow of rank. You may imagine how painful his position will become in a society where military rank is of the first importance. Some time ago Army Surgeons were removed (except in a few favoured battalions) from the regiments with which they had been closely associated for years, to be put upon the Staff. This was done, so it was said, on the score of economy; but it is difficult to find a reason for this more recent departure—a departure which, I fear, may lead to departures of another kind, and departures that will rid the Army of every self-respecting member of our profession. For you must remember, Sir, that we are not only Officers, but Gentlemen.

*The Commissioner.* It is well to remind the Authorities of that fact. I consider your grievance a very serious one, and shall take all necessary steps to see that it is redressed.

[*The Applicant thanked the Commissioner on behalf of himself and some seven hundred colleagues, and withdrew.*]





“THE STICKING PLACE!”

*Macbeth* . . . L-ED S-L-EB-RY.

*Lady Macbeth* . . . “A M-RE-NG P-T-R.”

LADY MACBETH. ““INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE ME THE DAGGERS!”—I’LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT!!”

*Shakespeare, adapted to The Times.*





## STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXI.—THE BASHFUL GHOST.

"CAN'T you speak when you are spoken to," I asked, but she only wrung her hands (noiselessly of course) and looked down.

She was a White Lady, but the most gentle and retiring of her species. Obviously she would never have haunted the room of a bachelor if she could possibly have helped it; it was the fault of the housekeeper at Schloss Schreckenstein for putting me into the chamber where she generally appears.

"If you don't speak," I said, in a resolute tone, (for I had got over my first fright) "if you don't speak, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get up and dress!"

Of course this was a brutal kind of thing to say to a ghost of her nervously bashful type, and, in calmer moments, I have often regretted it. But what was a man to do? I felt for the ghost as much as anyone can, but she wouldn't go away, she wouldn't speak, and she was not even useful for scientific purposes of Psychological Research. Who would have believed me, if I said I had seen her?

"I'll get up," I said, "and bring all the other men. They are still in the smoking-room, I daresay. My saying I have seen you, is no evidence, as you must know; but if they all see you, then there will be evidence to go to a Jury—to GURNEY and MYERS, I mean,"—and I began to move as if I would throw off the heavy German elder-down quilt. The Ghost fell on her knees. "For my sake, don't do that," she said. "Oh, is it not punishment enough to have to haunt rooms where all sorts of strange people come, without your uttering such unmanly threats? Oh, I never was spoken to so, since my life!"

"Then, why do you haunt them?" I asked. "This is my room, not yours. It is not at all like the case of Mr. Pickwick, and the lady in curl-papers."

"It was most wrong, and inconsiderate of the Seneschal," said the Ghost, "to put you in here. If he had the feelings of a gentleman, he would only put ladies in this wing of the Castle."

"But the ladies refuse to be put here," I replied. "You know you have frightened them all away, and I don't wonder at it."

"I do not know what the world is coming to," said the Ghost, "in my time it was very different."

"When was your time?"

"Oh, about the Reformation," she replied, evasively.

"The very early Hussite movement, then, judging from your dress," I remarked, on which she flushed up, and muttered something about "personal remarks."

"When I was a girl," she said, "we would have been ashamed to be afraid of our White Lady, BERTHA VON SCHRECKENSTEIN, to whose place I succeeded. We always got on capitally with her, and she with us. Never a complaint on either side. No Knights were ever put in her rooms, I warrant you. Are you a Knight?"

"My dear Madam," I replied, "I am not in trade, nor am I a medical man, nor a Mayor, nor a painter. I am a literary character, I am. They don't make us Knights."

"I see, you are a Minstrel?" she answered.

"A lazy one," I replied, and she quite brightened up, and said she had read my little things (she was mistaken about that), in the drawing-room, after the family had gone to bed.

However, she began to become shy and self-conscious again.

"In this Schloss," she said, "gentlemen seldom go to bed before two in the morning, and I get the haunting over early, and have a few hours to myself. But you've come up too soon! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in an agony. "I hear them bouncing along from the smoking-room, and they are just as likely as not to come in here to 'draw' you, and then, oh dear, oh dear," said the Ghost, "what will the next world say of me? They are so censorious."

Could there be a more painful position for me, and for this retiring spectre? "Can't I get up, and make a bolt for it?" I said, but she would not hear of it.



It was only too probable that young GRIGSBY, of the Guards, and that young wretch VON SPICHEREN, would "draw" me—and their own conclusions!

"Can't you disappear?" I said.

"Impossible," she answered, peevishly. "I can't disappear before cock-crow."

It was awfully awkward. At this moment young GRIGSBY, in the passage outside, gave, at the top of his voice, his celebrated imitation of a cock crowing. In a second, before you could so much as wink, the White Lady had vanished, and not a moment too early, for the door burst open, and GRIGSBY rode in on VON SPICHEREN's back, the latter going on all fours.

"Hi, here's the Family Ghost," shouted GRIGSBY,—but I did not think it necessary to inform him that the Family Ghost had just gone. I simply hit him over the head with the bolster, bringing him down from his charger with a crash. Next day I left the Schloss, the position was so dreadfully awkward, and I have often thought since, with sympathy and regret, of the Unlucky Shy White Lady of Schreckenstein. Doubtless many spectres, perhaps most, are in her very compromising position, a thing we reflect on too little when we hear of haunted houses. The ghost of a retiring gentleman, for instance,—but the subject is too painful.

## SIR PERCY AND THE FEARFUL FOGGE.

(A new "Percy Relique.")

FULL seven hundred Members mayde aloude thys one remark—  
"Scarce can we breathe, or speke, or thynke. Wee all are in the darke."

Like unto pygmyes arm'd against great Basan's Monarque Os,  
So gasping, gallant gentlemen doe battell with the Fogge.

Stout PERCY to the Commons went, all in Westministere.  
Quoth he, "Ye have good needs of help, the Fogge doth enter heere.

"I ventylate and drayne the House, and keep it sweet and cool."  
Cryd every man, "Who'll stay the Fogge?" Quoth bold PERCY,

"I wool!"

"Now bless thee, Doctor PERCY!" cry the Commons, with a cheer,  
"If thou the Fogge shalt set at naught all in Westministere;

"And if with cotton-wool thou pluggest cranny, hole, and crack,  
The Lords we'll dysestablysh, and to thee give the Wool-sack."

Stout PERCY sniff'd a pynche of snuff, all of the olden schoole.  
Quoth he, "And if I fayle I'll get the Sack without the Wool.

"Natheless the cotton-wool I'll try; my very best I'll do."  
"No more can we expect," sayde each to each. "Que woolley-woo?"

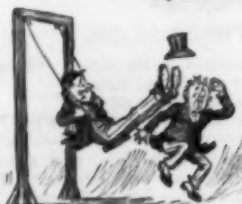
Stout PERCY hies him to the work, nor lists to knave nor fool.  
"Plenty of 'ery' there be," quoth he. "My ears hold cotton-wool.

"As walls have ears, I trow," quoth he, "those at Westministere  
Will thank me soe for saving them from much that else they'd heare."

Then Heav'n send Doctor PERCY may bring them light and peace!  
May Fogge clear from Westministere, and all obstruction cease!

## FITS OF THE BLUES.

By Dumb Crambo, Junior.



Starting with a Swinging Stroke.



Clearing the Lock with a Head Wind.



A Slight Foul.



A Rather Uneven Crew.



## PRECAUTION.

Constable 'to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter. "NOW THEN, GE' UP! 'MUS'N'T LIE THERE—"  
 Citizen. "ARE YOU 'PLEASHEML'?"  
 Constable "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"  
 Citizen. "ER!"—(solemnly)—"EN SH-H-TOP TH' TRAFF'G!!"

**A SUGGESTION FOR IRELAND.**—To be quite fair, why not divide the duties of Irish Secretary between Colonel SAUNDERSON and Mr. DILLON? The former to be in office Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the latter, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sundays, being *dies non*, they could dine together, and talk matters over amicably, or arrange a meeting in the Phoenix with their Under-Secretaries as seconds.

**JUBILEE INTERCHANGES.**—The QUEEN gives the POPE a splendidly bound Vulgate, and the POPE gives the QUEEN a magnificent Mosaic. Her MAJESTY'S gift, however, has the advantage of including the finest specimen of Mosaic work.

WE see that a certain firm of manufacturers advertise a "Jubilee Soap." Scarcely necessary, as there is such a quantity of the article about everywhere. Still to some Provincial Mayors and Common Councilmen a supply may yet be useful, and we could mention one or two who would be likely to "take the cake."

**A SHIP IN CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTIES.**—The Irish Secretary-Ship.

## EDUCATION MADE EASY. No 3.

*In the City, before Alderman KUMITSTRONG.  
 A Small Boy is placed in the Dock.*

Alderman. What is the charge?

Clerk. Stealing boots, Your Worship.

Alderman. What do you say, boy?

Boy. Nothink, Sir.

Alderman. Why did you steal the boots?

Boy. Nothink else to do, Sir.

Alderman. What does he mean? Is there anyone in Court who knows this boy?

A Working Man (stepping forward). I am the father of the boy, Sir.

Alderman. How old is he?

Father. Thirteen, Sir.

Alderman. Well, you hear what he has been doing,—stealing boots. What do you say about it?

Father (with grumpy resignation). It is all fault of School Board.

Alderman. What do you mean, Man? What on earth has the School Board to do with it?

Father (as if he were delighted to have it out with somebody). Well, I'll just tell you, Sir. You see this 'ere boy is a werry good boy, and he can read and write, and do his 'rithmetic with the best on 'em. So JEM SNOOKS, the greengrocer, 'ires him at six bob a week, which he did his work reg'lar, and every Saturday night came 'ome with his six bob, and give it to his mother.

Alderman. Well, what then? What has all this to do with stealing the boots?

Father. Well, as I was a sayin', he came home reg'lar on Saturday night, but one night he came 'ome a crying and said he'd got the sack, but he brought his six bob all the same.

Alderman. And why, as you call it, had he got the sack?

Father. 'Cause he said School Board man wouldn't let him stop. So on the Monday mornin' I goes to JEM SNOOKS, and says I to JEM, says I, "Why did you give TOMMY the sack? Ain't he a good boy, and don't he do his work reg'lar?" And, says JEM to me, "TOMMY is a werry good boy, and does his work reg'lar, but School-Board man came and looked beastly glum, and says he, 'If you don't pack off that 'ere boy this very day, I'll have you up before the Beaks, and you'll be fined and imprisoned, and have your goods sold up, 'taties and inguns and all, and no mistake.' So what could I do?" said JEM, "but send away TOMMY?"

Alderman (a bit puzzled). They must now go to school up to fourteen?

The Clerk. That is so, Sir.

Alderman (to Father of the Boy). Well, I have listened to your story, but what it has to do with stealing the boots I don't understand.

Father. Just this, your Worship. This 'ere boy you have 'eard, is a good boy, and though swells, such as you, mayn't think much of six bob a week, it is a mighty 'elp to poor fathers like us, in sich times as these. And TOMMY having been used to hearn a 'onest penny and 'elps, tho' I say it, to keep the younger kids, would not go back to school again. And so, having nothin' to do, he falls in with some idle chaps, and they persuade him to steal the boots.

Alderman. And you would really have me believe that the School Board has made him a thief. Ha! ha! ha! that is a joke indeed. But there must be some inquiry made about this boy. I will remand him for a week.

THE EARLIEST BEVERAGE RECORDED IN THE CLASSICS.—The Sack of Troy.



## A REAL "HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"MR. HOWARD VINCENT is trying to clear the streets of London from the gates, bars, rails, posts, walls, and other obstructions to free circulation for vehicles or passengers."—*Daily News*.



HURRAH for this genuine Knight of the Road!  
No Dashing DUVAL would be in it,  
And DICK who Black Bess so sublimely bestrode,  
Would not hold it with him for a minute.  
DICK cleared turnpike gates to be sure, at a pinch,  
But here is a rider of mettle,  
Who'd clear them away. Ah, my HOWARD, don't flinch  
Till our Babylon-blockers you settle.  
Too long have our ducal obstructives, too long  
Have our lollolly Landlords perplexed us,  
With bars, posts and rails. Now you challenge the wrong  
With which Vested Interests have vexed us.

Here's pluck to your horse, and here's power to his heels!  
May he bear you with stout unwrung withers;  
Till the last ducal dodderer hopelessly feels,  
His last barrier is kicked all to smithers.  
REBECCA's rough Daughters achieved a good task  
In clearing the Toll-gates; but you, Sir,  
Our latter-day Highway-Man, minus the mask,  
A far finer work have to do, Sir.  
The ermined obstructives will doubtless object,  
The Landlords will rail and raise ructions;  
But the Public will praise and your *Punch* will protect.  
The Clearer of City Obstructions!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.—Dr. TANNER bustling about the House to-night, advocating his scheme for preventing the fog taking the Chair again in the absence of SPEAKER. As far as I can make out, he proposes a supply of head-gear made of antiseptic cotton-wool; to be kept in Cloak-Room, and, whenever a fog comes on, to be served out to Members. PLUNKET objects on aesthetic grounds. Doesn't think it would look well from the Ladies' Gallery to see Members muffled up in masks of cotton-wool. Besides, doubts efficacy of suggestion. "In short," he says, "TANNER's scheme not worth sixpence."

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposes amendment. If the cotton-wool, antiseptic or otherwise, were stuffed into the ears of Members, on foggy nights or fine, he should support proposal. TANNER says that won't do; and there matter stands for the present.

Cry of "WOLFF! WOLFF!" through House to-night. In Committee of Supply, Vote on further payment on account of DRUMMOND WOLFF's Mission to Egypt comes up. Seems it costs £15,000 a year, and no one knows what it's about, much less when it will be brought to conclusion. FERGUSON seems to know less than anyone, but assumes oracular air, hints at important negotiations carried on, winks and nods confidentially at Members opposite, and whispers,

"Wait a bit, and you'll see." Members won't wait, but go to Division, and very nearly succeed in cutting off WOLFF's salary.

"How strange are the ways of life!" CHAPLIN murmured, gazing through half-closed eyes at bench opposite, where Fourth Party once sat. "Who, three years ago, could have forecast their history? There's RANDOLPH stranded on the shores of Africa; here's GORST subsided into an Under-Secretary. There's BALFOUR with Dublin standing wide-eyed round him as he's sworn-in Chief-Secretary; and here's WOLFF pic-nicing in Egypt at a cost to the nation of £15,000 a year; whilst I—not done so well as any of them. But my time will come."

After Wolff episode, Committee pounded away at Votes. One o'clock in morning having long since sounded, ROBERTSON moved to Report Progress. Clear across the House came from the bench where CHAPLIN sat the thrilling inquiry, "Who is the animal?" J. O'CONNOR asked the Chairman what he thought of that as a point of order. Chairman apparently thought nothing, for he said nothing, and business went forward again. COURTNEY, in not noticing the inquiry, probably had in mind well-known precedent when, years ago, JOSEPH GILLIS first presented himself to notice of the House. DIZZY, then Premier, fumbled his eyeglass into position, and staring across the floor, said to Lord BARRINGTON, "What's that?"

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Few things House likes more than to hear M'GARRIL HOGG answer a question in his capacity of Chairman of Board of

Works. Matter too important to be trusted to the chances of extemporaneous speech. Some time in course of the day M'GAREL possesses himself of largest available sheet of foolscap, takes a new pen (quill), and writes out his answer. On ordinary occasions is content to sit on any seat behind Treasury Bench. When he has to appear as Representative of Board of Works, feels occasion demands corner seat; so comes down early, and secures that sacred to the memory of RANDOLPH. Here he sits, watchful, till the unfortunate Member, who has ventured to question any action of Board of Works finds his opportunity. Then The M'GAREL rises, his one war - look set in battle-array across the white expanse of his impressive head.



"Mr. Gent-Davis was ruled out of order."

Thursday's Report.

[We hope he had medical advice, and is quite recovered by this time.]

Holding the manuscript in his left hand, and fixing his eyeglass with the other, he first turns upon his interlocutor a scorching look of reproof. Then, in loud voice, rapidly reads his little homily, glancing over his eyeglass at the end of each successive sentence to see how the Hon. Member likes it. If, as sometimes happens, the offender is not literally shrivelled up by the time the last sentence is rolled forth, The M'GAREL turns upon him a final regard, indefinable and indescribable; yet the looker-on feels that the glance is eloquently expressive of pained surprise that there can exist on this fair earth a human being so insensible to conviction of having incurred displeasure of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

"I am surprised that my Hon. friend," said The M'GAREL just now turning upon DIXON-HARTLAND a withering glance, "should have felt it necessary to ask this question, after the pledge I gave on Thursday."

If DIXON-HARTLAND had been a sensitive man, nothing but a spot of grease on the bench where he had sat, would thereafter have represented Uxbridge. As it was he tried to hide his emotion behind an uneasy smile, whilst the ribald House shook with laughter.

Business done.—Further debate on Closure.

Thursday.—"And so now you're a B.B.K.," I said to CHARLES LEWIS, as he stood at the Bar. "How did it come about?"

"In simplest possible way, TOBY. By observing a modest demeanour, never thrusting myself upon the notice of the House, and keeping generally in the background. Reflect on these things; follow my example, and peradventure the Jubilee Year will not come to a close without recognition of your personal worth. Why not Sir TOBY M.P.?"

Nice fellow LEWIS, a good judge of character, and generally appreciative. House used to be prejudiced against him, because he wore a white waistcoat out of season. But he's an intelligent man, and I think there is always something in what he says.

A long night in Committee of Supply. Discussion on Egyptian affairs brought up an old quarrel. BLAINE blandly suggested that GOSCHEN had a personal interest in the vote for the increased expenses of the Army in Egypt; based assertion on fact that nearly quarter of century ago GOSCHEN's firm had floated loans for Egypt. GOSCHEN came in just in time to hear BLAINE blundering along on this course. Suddenly flared up with righteous wrath.

"I wish," he cried, striking the table, "the Hon. Member to state distinctly and specifically what he means by what he says."

Rather exacting this. If every man had to say exactly what he means by what he says, House of Commons not be so popular resort. BLAINE fumbled and fencd. Was brought up by the Chairman, and pinned to the ground by GOSCHEN. Getting flabbergasted, Windbag SEXTON came to his assistance, but didn't succeed in making diversion. GOSCHEN, still blazing, kept BLAINE to the point. As soon as possible BLAINE retired from the contest, a little amazed at the uproar he had created.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Last sitting of week wearisomely given up to Procedure and Estimates, agreeably varied by little domestic piece. No translation from the French, this. Quite new and original. Title, *The Perfidy of Plowden*. Dramatis Personæ: Sir WILLIAM PLOWDEN, the Confiding Caller; Mr. FORWOOD, the Designing Host. Secretary, Clerks, Office Boy, Porters, &c. Scene, the Admiralty. Time, last Saturday. Enter, PLOWDEN, encountered by Secretary. Asks to see Report of Contracts Committee. Secretary hesitates. "Private

affair, don't you know. Awful row if it got into those newspapers." PLOWDEN nothing to do with newspapers. Secretary relents. Shows Report in confidence. PLOWDEN walks out. As he goes, drops a letter—doesn't perceive his loss. (Slow music.) Exit.

Scene 2. Room darkened. Office Boy steals in; observes letter on floor; puts it on top of FORWOOD's letters. Thunder in the wings. Office Boy starts. Exit, making cart-wheel.

Scene 3. Still at Admiralty. FORWOOD enters. Finds on his desk the morning newspapers, and heap of letters. Being a man of business, reads newspapers first. Starts. Treachery! Secret Report has got out! Who has done this? Leans head on hands, and thinks intently. (Slow music.) Approaches heap of letters. First one is that which PLOWDEN dropped. (Reverberation of distant thunder in wings draws nearer.) Letter written to PLOWDEN by a Confederate! Proposes rendezvous, where he "will explain how the Secret Report could be easiest got at." Betrayed! FORWOOD falls senseless on the floor, where he is later found by the irresponsible Office Boy, and put away in the waste-paper basket.

Act II. Scene 1. House of Commons. FORWOOD tells his story. House groans in horror at PLOWDEN's perfidy. Scene 2, the same. PLOWDEN explains matters. FORWOOD accepts explanation. Fall on each other's necks, and so exeunt.

Voice from Strangers' Gallery—"My high!"

This is the Office Boy, who is immediately thrust forth, and the House gets to business.

Business done.—Closure Debate.

### THE NEW "LILLI BURLERO."

(To be sung by Nationalists to the old air.)

Ho! Brother League, dost hear Is the blood-orange a sign of the Times?

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la.

Lilli Bullero Buller a-la.

"SAUNDERSON ought to be sub-Secretree."

Lero, &c.

Bully Bullero, Buller a-la.

Down with Moon-lighters and up with the Laws!

Lero, Lero, REDVERS BULLERO, Lero, Lero, Buller o-la

Lillo Bullero, Buller a-la, And save us from Fire-and-Sworderson's claws!

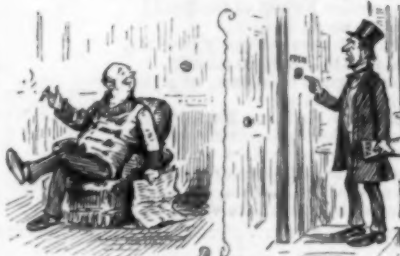
Oranges come to us from foreign climes,

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la!

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la,

Lero, &c.

### THE MICRO-TELEPHONE PUSH-BUTTON.



Householder. "HULLOA! WHAT IS IT?"

Visitor. "I'VE CALLED FOR THE THIRD TIME FOR THE TA—!"

Householder (promptly). "NOT AT HOME!"

ringing. On the advantage of this in everyday life it is unnecessary to dwell.—Globe, March 9.

### The Authors' Meeting.

Wednesday, March 9.

THEY listened to a good harangue. From a man of scents, y-LANG y-LANG. When on his legs got BRETT, R.A., Some people wished they were away. Most came to hear E. W. GOSSE. Who stayed away sustained no loss.

LATEST FROM OUR COLWELL-HATCHNEY CORRESPONDENT.—He always smiled when he looked at his watch, because, he said, the hands directed him to grin each time.

"THE RIVER WEAR."—Flannels.



# BURGOYNE'S AUSTRALIAN TINTARA.

GROWN ON



IRONSTONE SOIL.

# CARLTON HIGHLAND MALT WHISKEY.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.  
GOLD MEDAL CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.  
See the Gall: See the Dist.  
Cassius Fair. Cassius One.

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BLOOMSBURY MANSION, HART ST., W.C.  
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**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are a man of letters, tiring over your midnight work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take

**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are young and growing too fast, or if you are suffering from the effects of any over-indulgence, take

**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take

**HOP BITTERS.**  
Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, or urinary complaint, none of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver, or kidneys? They will remedy your trouble. Beware of fraudulent imitations. Manufactured only by THE HOP BITTERS COMPANY (LIMITED), 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

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**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,**  
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Gentlemen: "Pray let the waiter pass you MELLOR'S SAUCE. I assure you it is excellent."

Gold Medal,



Paris, 1878.

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A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING, FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE, AND DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.



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For  
CONSTIPATION,  
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of  
Appetite, Gastric  
and Intestinal  
troubles, Headache  
arising from them.

# GRILLON.

E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

**S. SAINSBURY'S**  
A HIGHLY PERFUMED  
AND MOST LASTING  
SCENT.  
Prepared with the finest  
ENGLISH LAVENDER,  
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